

DESOLATION JONES  
7

TO BE IN ENGLAND  
1 of 6

## **PAGE ONE**

### **Pic 1**

Open on: a mid-distance shot of a big cheap Holiday Inn-style hotel in the middle of nowhere, desert with patches of scrub and a big highway going past. Its big ugly yellow 70s cursive signage mounted on the slanted roof names it as a GOODTIME INN. Clouds gather overhead.

DISPLAY LETT:                   FOUR YEARS AGO

### **Pic 2**

INT: the hotel's hideous beige bar -- woodpanelling, rough carpet, the two-dollar version of the sort of place people imagined Sinatra drinking in, in the 1950s. There's one guy, thin and middle-aged and hunched over, drinking at the bar, sitting on a high stool. Shabby suit, no tie. BOB SAUER. And one guy seated at one of the low tables across the bar, on a sofa, reading a USA TODAY: tall, blonde, a hawklike presence to him, in a casual sweater and jeans: JOHN ASHER.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 3**

Close on Sauer, side view, head down, miserable. Unshaven and haunted.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 4**

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS: Sauer in the same pose, a few hours ago.

OFF                               OKAY, BOB. THAT'S THE CONTROL QUESTIONS  
                                      DONE WITH. IF YOU'RE ALL SET...

SAUER                            YEAH, WHATEVER. SURE.

OFF                               OKAY. JUST RELAX, HUH?

### **Pic 5**

Pull back to see Bob seated in a miserable hotel room, same style as the bar, hooked up for a polygraph reading. Chest strap, one upper-arm cuff, cuffs on first and third fingers of one hand, all wired to a laptop placed on the room's coffee table. The polygraph READER, in a suit, wearing glasses, sits opposite Bob with the laptop open and facing him. Sitting between them on the edge of the bed is PETER CARRICK, a big bluff man in a suit, head shaved military-style, Bob's handler. Bob is a spy. (Lampstand in one corner, for future ref.)

READER                       MR SAUER, IS YOUR OPERATIONAL CODENAME  
                                  "MOVING IMAGE?"

SAUER                         YES.

READER                    AND DID THE RUSSIANS GIVE YOU A CODENAME  
TRANSLATING AS "DEEP MINER"?

SAUER                    YES.

**PAGE TWO**

**Pic 1**

The reader leans over the polygraph readout on the laptop screen --  
it's close to flat.

READER                    HAVE YOU BEEN KNOWN BY ANY OTHER  
CODENAME OR DESIGNATION IN AN  
OPERATIONAL CONTEXT?

SAUER                    NO.

**Pic 2**

The polygraph readout spikes.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

The reader looks over his glasses at Carrick, frowning.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 4**

Carrick scowls. Sauer leans back -- he's exhausted and upset.

CARRICK                    C'MON, BOB...

SAUER                    I DON'T KNOW WHY IT KEEPS DOING THAT!  
PETE, HELP ME OUT HERE...

CARRICK                    OKAY. MOVE ON.

**Pic 5**

The reader studies Sauer now, suspicious.

READER                    HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN NON-APPROVED  
MATERIAL TO THE RUSSIANS?

BOB                        I'VE NEVER GIVEN OVER AMERICAN MATERIAL  
TO THE RUSSIANS THAT WASN'T CLEARED BY  
PETER CARRICK.

READER                    THAT'S NOT WHAT I ASKED.

**Pic 6**

Sauer passes a hand over his eyes. Drained.

SAUER                    THEN FIX THE FUCKING QUESTION.

CARRICK

BOB.

SAUER  
PETE.

I'VE BEEN IN THIS ROOM FOR FOUR DAYS,

### **PAGE THREE**

#### **Pic 1**

Carrick leans over, concerned.

CARRICK  
RETIRING --

BOB, IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT

SAUER

I'VE BEEN YOUR DOUBLE AGENT FOR TEN  
YEARS, PETE. I WANT TO GO HOME.

CARRIER

-- IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT RETIRING, YOU  
NEED TO BE FULLY DEBRIEFED. YOU KNOW  
THAT.

#### **Pic 2**

Sauer stares at the ceiling. He just can't take any more. Tired to  
the bone, and he feels like he's got nothing left.

SAUER

CAN WE START AGAIN TOMORROW?

SAUER

WE'LL GET THROUGH IT TOMORROW, I SWEAR.  
I HAVEN'T SLEPT ALL WEEK.

SAUER

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG. I DON'T  
KNOW WHY YOUR GODDAMN POLYGRAPH  
KEEPS JUMPING.

#### **Pic 3**

Carrick's tired, too, and something is very wrong. Rubs his face.

CARRICK

OKAY. 9 AM TOMORROW.

CARRICK  
TONIGHT, OKAY?

DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DRINK

CARRICK

PACK THE POLYGRAPH UP.

#### **Pic 4**

Carrick stands, as the reader puts his laptop into a carry bag. Sauer  
starts stripping off the finger cuffs, slumped, defeated-looking.

CARRICK

WE'RE GONNA GET THROUGH THIS, BOB.  
WE'RE PROUD OF YOU. WE'RE GONNA HELP.  
OKAY?

SAUER

OKAY.

SAUER

OKAY. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

*Continued over page*

*Page THREE continued*

**Pic 5**

END FLASHBACK: Sauer at the bar, squeezing his eyes shut as if in pain.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 6**

The BARMAN passes by, picking up Sauer's empty glass as he gets off his stool, not too steady.

BARMAN

SEE YOU LATER, MR SAUER.

SAUER

SURE.

## **PAGE FOUR**

### **Pic 1**

From Asher's POV in the back of the bar, we see Sauer weave out of the room, hand against a wall or doorway for support.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 2**

Cut to: Sauer getting his keycard in his hotel room door, scowling at it.

SAUER  
ME...

C'MON... GODDAMN THINGS NEVER WORK FOR

SAUER  
BASTARDS.

AIR FORCE SONS OF BITCHES. CHEAP

### **Pic 3**

He practically falls into the room.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 4**

Sitting on the bed, he pulls the room's PHONE towards him.

SAUER

CALL ELLIE.

SAUER

SET ME DOWN. IT'LL SET ME DOWN.

SAUER

"OKAY." "OKAY." WHAT A DICK.

### **Pic 5**

Jump ahead a few moments. Sauer talking on the phone, clearly very depressed.

SAUER                                   ...GONNA BE A FEW MORE DAYS, ELLIE. YEAH, I  
KNOW.

SAUER                                   YEAH... NO, BUSINESS ISN'T GOING SO WELL.

SAUER                                   OH, GOD, ELLIE... IT'S HORRIBLE.. I JUST  
WANNA DIE...

**Pic 6**  
The line goes dead. He reacts.

SAUER                                   ...HELLO?

SAUER                                   CAN YOU HEAR ME? DID YOU HANG UP?

**Pic 7**  
He gets up, follows the phone wire to the wall.

SAUER                                   MAYBE THE LINE CAME OUT...

## **PAGE FIVE**

**Pic 1**  
There at the wall: the phone line had been fed into a thing, a little thing in a black casing with a blinking red LED on it. It had been passed between the shears in the casing, a little guillotine that sliced the wire in two.

SAUER                                   ...THE HELL?

**Pic 2**  
And Sauer hears a voice and freezes.

FROM OFF                                   I CUT YOU OFF.

**Pic 3**  
Emerging from the bathroom: ASHER, his paper rolled up under one arm. In his hand, a Treo-style PDA with the wireless stub-aerial. He's wearing thin latex gloves now.

ASHER                                   I JUST HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU TO SAY THE  
PERFECT LINE TO WAIT ON.

ASHER                                   AND THEN I PRESSED MY LITTLE BUTTON AND  
THE SHEARS CLOSED ON THE LINE.

ASHER                                   LOVELY LITTLE GADGET.

**Pic 4**  
Sauer scrambles to his feet as Asher advances, relaxed.

SAUER                                   YOU'RE A BRIT.

ASHER                                THAT'S RIGHT. JOHN ASHER. BRITISH SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE. SPECIAL OPERATIONS.

ASHER                                YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY, MR SAUER.

**Pic 5**

And he punches Sauer in the side of the head, hard. Drop it out into black and white.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 6**

Sauer falls on to the bed.

ASHER                                BEING DEBRIEFED IN YOUR ROLE AS A US AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE DOUBLE AGENT.

ASHER                                AND TRYING NOT TO LET ON THAT YOU WERE DOING MORE THAN YOUR MANDATE FOR THE RUSSIANS.

**PAGE SIX**

**Pic 1**

Takes Bob a moment to snap back to himself after the punch. A bruise is forming on the side of his head already as he clumsily tries to get back upright. Ever been punched in the side of the head? Your brain smacks into the other side of your skull and sloshes back again. A few seconds of drunkenness, a flailing stupidity.

ASHER                                I WONDER HOW LONG IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN FOR YOU TO CRACK?

ASHER                                HOW LONG BEFORE GOOD OLD AGENT BOB GAVE UP ALL THE BRITISH SECRETS HE'D SOLD TO THE RUSSIANS?

ASHER                                DUNNO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING 'BOUT - I WORK IN THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS --

**Pic 2**

Asher steps in, his back to us, and punches Sauer in the side of the head again – punching down, hard and sharp.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

And again: and this time, we look at Asher's face. He's enjoying it.



*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 4**

Sauer sags on the bed, badly stunned. Asher looks around, sees the lampstand in the corner.

ASHER

I'M SORRY, I WASN'T LISTENING. YOU WORK IN THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS? THAT'S FUNNY. SO DO I.

Continued over page

Page SIX continued

**Pic 5**

He goes down on one knee, finds the cable going into the base of the lampstand, which is formed by two rubber-encased sets of wires bonded together.

ASHER

NOW, I MANAGED TO BRING A COUPLE OF MY GADGETS IN WITH ME, BUT I WASN'T ALLOWED TO TRAVEL WITH A WEAPON OR DRAW ARMS ON LOCAL STATION.

ASHER

SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE “SPECIAL  
RELATIONSHIP” BRITAIN AND AMERICA  
SUPPOSEDLY SHARE.

ASHER

SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO IMPROVISE.

**Pic 6**

And he yanks the cable out of the lampstand base. There's some sparking.

*(no dialogue)*

## **PAGE SEVEN**

### **Pic 1**

Asher pulls at the cable, not touching the bare wires, so that the bonding comes away and the cable peels into two long pieces.

ASHER

I'M GOOD AT THIS. THIS IS THE BIT THAT  
MAKES ME FEEL LIKE JAMES BOND, YOU  
KNOW?

### **Pic 2**

With the wires in one hand, Asher opens one of the room's drawers, looking...

ASHER

ONE THING MISSING. I MEAN, THIS HOTEL  
SEEMS TO BE STAFFED BY A SUM TOTAL OF  
THREE SUBHUMANS WITH SEVERE  
EDUCATIONAL DIFFICULTIES, BUT...

ASHER

..AHA. GOOD. BUT I DON'T INTEND TO TAKE  
ANY CHANCES THAT ONE OF THEM MIGHT  
HEAR YOU.

### **Pic 3**

Asher shoves a pair of underpants into Sauer's mouth. Sauer's weeping at this point.

ASHER                                    THAT'S IT, OPEN WIDE. OH, GOOD BOY.  
    ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU'VE DONE THIS  
    BEFORE. HA HA.

**Pic 4**  
And Asher touches both wires to Sauer's chest. He arches up off the bed violently.

ASHER NOW. JUST A TASTE.

SAUER MMNNNN

**Pic 5**  
Sauer sags back. Suddenly his shirt is soaked in sweat, and there are burn marks through the shirt where the wires touched.

ASHER                      THIS IS MY LIE DETECTOR, MR SAUER.

ASHER WE'RE GOING TO GO THROUGH A SEQUENCE OF QUESTIONS THAT HAVE YES OR NO AS ANSWERS.

ASHER                    I'M NOT A CRUEL MAN. I KNOW YOU WANT TO  
GO HOME TO YOUR WIFE. BE TRUTHFUL, AND  
THAT'LL HAPPEN.

**Pic 6**  
Asher, calm leans in over Sauer's face, very close.

ASHER                      LIE, AND THIS IS HOW YOUR WIFE WILL DIE.

**PAGE EIGHT**

**Pic 1**  
Three page-wide shots, stacked one atop the other. Here, a shot of a British Airways jumbo jet landing in the rain.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2**  
Here, Bob Sauer, stripped naked – and, you know, he was a middle-aged man in bad shape, and his nakedness should reflect that – laying on his side on the bed. There are horrible burns over his chest. His eyes are open, and his mouth is open at a weird angle, maybe his tongue sticking out a little too. He's dead as hell, and he died in agony.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

And now I want a shot of the MI6 Building, to establish the next scene and just because it's so odd-looking. Here's a really good picture of the MI6 Building, at Vauxhall Cross in London:

<http://www.thrillerman.com/images/Vauxhall%20%20Cross%20MI6.jpg>

And it's raining.

VOICE (NO TAIL)

AH, MR ASHER. GO THROUGH, PLEASE. C IS WAITING FOR YOU.

**PAGE NINE**

**Pic 1**

OPEN ON: ASHER, in a good suit, walks into a rich-looking office: nice carpet, big windows with a broad view over the river, gilt-framed portraits on the wall, and C behind his big desk with the window behind him. C is a sixty-year-old man in a grey suit and stripy tie, silver-haired, neat moustache. There are two expensive antique chairs in front of the desk, and C motions him to one. C has a pipe sitting in an ashtray on his desk, next to a speakerphone.

ASHER

C.

C

MR ASHER. I TAKE IT THE DEED IS DONE?

ASHER  
WISER.

SAUER'S TERMINATED, SIR, WITH NONE THE

**Pic 2**

Asher sits down. C makes a reference he doesn't get, and his brow furrows a little.

C VERY GOOD. CAN'T HAVE THESE SPINELESS  
YANKS SHOWING THEIR ARSEHOLE TO THE  
RUSSIANS LIKE THAT. BAD FOR TRADE.

C  
ASHER. SO I SUPPOSED YOU'RE BLOODED NOW, MR

ASHER                      BLOODED, SIR?

**Pic 3**

C takes up his pipe irritably, producing a lighter.

C                    BLOODED, YES. BLOODED. AS IN, THE  
                      FOXHUNTING, BLOODED... BLOODED, BOY. YOU  
                      NEVER RODE TO HOUNDS?

ASHER I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR.

C                                    WHEN YOU'VE HUNTED YOUR FIRST FOX,  
   ASHER, THE TAIL'S CUT OFF, AND THE BLOOD  
   IS SMEARED ON YOUR FACE. BLOODED, YOU  
   SEE?

Continued over page

Page NINE continued

**Pic 4**

Irritable, C taps a button on the speakerphone.

C                TRADITION IS DEAD IN ENGLAND, ASHER.  
DEAD AS A DAMN DOORNAIL.

SPEAKERPHONE                      SIR?

C YES, YES, SEND HIM IN.

C THIS IS YOUR SENIOR IN SPECOPS, ASHER.  
HE'LL DEBRIEF YOU.

**Pic 5**

And MICHAEL JONES enters – as he was before the Desolation Test, tall, fit and reasonably handsome, in a black suit and a loosened black tie, smiling, a little cocky.

JONES GOOD MORNING, C.

JONES JOHN, I'M MICHAEL JONES. WELCOME TO  
SPECIAL OPERATIONS.

###

**PAGE TEN**

**Pic 1**

CUT TO: today: LOS ANGELES: and a shot of the CHEMOSPHERE: a page-wide shot, half the page deep, pushed out to bleed at all sides. It's morning in LA. Jones has the Chemosphere windows blacked out, stuff taped over them to screen out the light.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2**

INSIDE: newspapers and books scattered everywhere. In the foreground, a CELLPHONE sits on top of an open book, face up, called THE INVISIBLE LANDSCAPE by Terence McKenna.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

Someone throws up over the cellphone and book, from the right hand side of the panel.

FROM RIGHT

HORK

**Pic 4**

And the cellphone's screen lights up, through the puke over it.

FROM PHONE

(MUSICAL NOTES)

FROM RIGHT

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...

**PAGE ELEVEN**

**Pic 1**

A pen comes into shot, poking at the call button.

FROM PHONE

-- LLO? IS MICHAEL JONES THERE?

FROM OFF

YEAH, SORRY YOU'RE **COUGH** YOU'RE ON  
SPEAKERPHONE. I'M JONES.

FROM PHONE

I HAVE JERONIMUS CORNELISZOOM ON THE  
LINE FOR YOU. PLEASE HOLD.

**Pic 2**

Pull back; to see Jones laying naked on his side next to the phone.  
This'll be your biggest pic on the page: the first time we've seen  
Jones proper, as he is in "the present day".

FROM PHONE

MICHAEL? HOW ARE YOU?

JONES  
WHAT'S UP?

UM. NOT SO **COUGH** NOT SO GOOD.

FROM PHONE  
NEWS.

AH. WELL. I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD

**Pic 3**

Jones' eyes snap open wide.

FROM PHONE

I'M AFRAID JOHN ASHER'S DEAD.

**Pic 4**

Jones pushes himself up on his elbows.

JONES

THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.

FROM PHONE

HE WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT WITH HIS  
HEAD, HANDS, AND, AH, OTHER PARTS CUT OFF  
AND ABSENT.

JONES

THE WEST HOLLYWOOD PLACE?

**Pic 5**

Jones looks around for something to wipe his mouth. The closest item  
is a pair of underpants.

FROM PHONE

NO. HE'S BEEN LIVING IN FULLERTON FOR  
THE LAST THREE MONTHS, OUT ON THE EDGE  
OF THE COMMUNITY LINE.

JONES

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN FOUR. DAMNIT. WHAT  
ABOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND?

FROM PHONE

I KNOW NOTHING OF A GIRLFRIEND.

**PAGE TWELVE**

**Pic 1**



Frowning, he wipes his mouth with his old underpants, removing the last of the vomit.

JONES                                BLONDE GIRL. HE'S BEEN WITH HER SINCE  
NEW YEAR'S, I THINK.

FROM PHONE                                BUT YOUR INFORMATION IS FOUR  
MONTHS OLD.

JONES                                YEAH. LISTEN, ARE WE SURE IT'S HIM?

**Pic 2**

Jones grimaces, holding his stomach.

FROM PHONE                                WELL, THIS IS WHY I'M CALLING. WE NEED  
THE BODY POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED, AND THE  
DEATH INVESTIGATED TO OUR SATISFACTION.

JONES                                WE? CHRIST, MY GUTS...

FROM PHONE                                **I'D** LIKE TO KNOW WHY HE DIED, AND I WISH  
TO ENGAGE YOUR SERVICES.

**Pic 3**

Jones doubles over, in some pain.

JONES                                JOHNNY ASHER WAS THE BEST SPECIAL AGENT  
I EVER SAW IN SIS, JERONIMUS. THERE'S NO  
WAY HE -- -- OWWW, FUCK...

FROM PHONE                                ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JONES?

JONES                                HAVING A BAD DAY. THE STOMACH PAINS ARE  
BACK AND MY VISION'S FUCKED UP.

**Pic 4**

Sweat's broken out on Jones' forehead. Lips thin.

FROM PHONE                                LET ME SEND A DOCTOR OUT TO YOU.

JONES                                I WANT YOU TO CALL TAPPER. I WANT JOHN'S  
BODY EXAMINED. AND I NEED A DRIVER.

FROM PHONE                                OF COURSE. CONSIDER YOURSELF HIRED BY  
THE POWERS THAT BE THROUGH THE AGENCY  
OF THIS OFFICE. AND I'M SENDING A PROPER  
DOCTOR TO YOU, MICHAEL.

*Continued over page*

**Page TWELVE continued**

**Pic 5**

Jones' head touches the floor. This whole sequence is about Jones' body language, and the wrecked state of the man. He barely even looks like he should still be alive. He's an incredibly fragile, ill protagonist.

JONES

THERE'S NOTHING A DOCTOR CAN DO. IT'S  
DESOLATION TEST FALLOUT. IT PASSES.

FROM PHONE

NONETHELESS. IT TAKES LONGER TO PASS  
EACH TIME, MICHAEL. WILL YOU ALSO NEED  
EMILY? SHE CAN BILL ME.

**Pic 6**

Jones' eyes look sore and watery. He's a broken man.

JONES

YEAH.

JONES

THIS ISN'T RIGHT, JERONIMUS. JOHNNY ASHER  
DOESN'T JUST LET SOMEONE INTO HIS FLAT  
AND TOP HIM.

FROM PHONE

IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IN MY  
YEARS, MICHAEL, IT'S THAT DEATH IS NEVER  
EXPECTED, EVEN WHEN IMMINENT.

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

**Pic 1**

Jones slumps down on his side, the position we originally saw him in.

JONES  
FUCKING BUS.

IN MY EXPERIENCE, DEATH IS LIKE A

JONES

YOU WAIT AND WAIT, AND THEN THREE TURN  
UP AT ONCE.

JONES  
YOURS.

AND NONE OF THEM ARE FUCKING

**Pic 2**

And go up, and look down at him, slumped on his side next to a puke-spattered cellphone, pain in his body language, laying there cupping his cock and balls with his eyes shut.

I want to lay some CAPTION work down here, but I don't want to use caption boxes. Can you create some white/negative space I can lay the following piece of text down on somewhere?

CAPTION AND WHILE YOU'RE WAITING SOMEONE WILL FIND THE  
LAST FRIEND YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD AND KILL THEM JUST BECAUSE

I'M COMING BACK TO THIS BIT – I LOST THE THOUGHT IN MY HEAD

## **PAGE FOURTEEN**

### **Pic 1**

FLASHBACK: JOSE, you might just want to put a filter on these scenes, or a limited palette.

Our POV: We open the door on JOHN ASHER, who has a bandaid on his right cheek, wearing a suit that looks like he slept in it for the last three nights. He takes off a pair of shades and smiles at us. The sun's bright outside: it haloes Asher's hair a little.

ASHER

MIKE.

ASHER

LOOK AT THE FUCKING STATE OF YOU. WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?

### **Pic 2**

From over Asher's shoulder: Jones, a year ago, looking much the same as he does now, in a grey vest and black trousers, reacting in shock to see Asher, even while shielding his weak eyes from the glare.

JONES

JOHN? JOHN **ASHER**?

JONES

JOHN, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN LOS ANGELES?

### **Pic 3**

Asher shoulders past Jones into the house, still smiling.

ASHER

HELL OF A WELCOME THERE, MIKE. WHAT'S IT BEEN, TWO YEARS?

JONES

MORE LIKE THREE. WHAT'S THE SCORE?

ASHER

NICE PLACE. LOOKS LIKE A FLYING SAUCER.

**Continued over page**

**Page FOURTEEN continued**

**Pic 4**

Int: the main room of the Chemosphere, dark and dingy as ever. Asher walks to the far side, looking around.

ASHER                               IS THIS PLACE CLEAN? I MEAN, IT'S NOT  
  FUCKING CLEAN, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I'M  
  ASKING.

JONES                               NO BUGS. JOHN, I CAN'T BE TALKING TO AN  
  OPERATIONAL AGENT...

ASHER                               I'M NOT OPERATIONAL.

**Pic 5**

Asher pulls a packet of cigarettes, American Spirits, out of his jacket pocket. Still smiling. It's a little eerie. Jones in the b/g, tense.

ASHER                               SMOKE?

JONES                               TOBACCO RIPS OUT MY LUNGS. JOHN, YOU'RE  
  SENIOR SPECOPS, DON'T FUCK WITH ME.

ASHER                               I QUIT, MIKE.

**Pic 6**

Asher lights up, enjoying Jones' tension.

JONES                               YOU QUIT.

ASHER                               I QUIT. I'M TAKING SANCTUARY IN LA.

JONES                               I HAD A RUN OF BAD LUCK, THE NEW C'S A  
  BITCH, AND I'M JUMPING BEFORE THEY PUSH  
  ME.

## **PAGE FIFTEEN**

### **Pic 1**

Jones sits down on the sofa, next to his cellphone.

JONES                               BLOODY HELL. THAT'S INSANE, JOHN.  
SPECOPS WILL BE GUTTED WITHOUT YOU.

ASHER                               SPECOPS IS GUTTED ANYWAY. THE RUSSIAN  
SECTION GOT BLOWN IN MOSCOW LAST YEAR,  
AND CIA ARE RUNNING THE TABLE  
EVERYWHERE ELSE.

ASHER                               SO HERE I AM WITH THE REST OF THE  
EXORCISED SPOOKS.

### **Pic 2**

Asher looks around for something, distracted, ash building up on his  
cigarette.

ASHER                               I NEED AN ASHTRAY.

JONES                               USE THE FLOOR, EVERYONE ELSE  
DOES...

ASHER                               HEH. YOU DIRTY BASTARD. SO TELL ME --  
HOW DOES THIS DEFECTING TO SPY  
SANCTUARY THING WORK? I MEAN, WE DO  
HAVE IMMUNITY HERE, RIGHT? SO LONG AS  
WE DON'T LEAVE THE GREATER LA AREA?

### **Pic 3**

Jones' eyebrows fly up.

JONES                               YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T MADE  
CONTACT?

ASHER                               WELL, I TALKED TO SOME SCROTES IN BARS,  
WHICH IS HOW I KNEW YOU WERE HERE. WE  
ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD AND --

JONES                               JOHN. YOU HAVEN'T MADE CONTACT?  
HAVEN'T POSTED A FLAG OR CHALKED A SIGN?

Continued over page

Page FIFTEEN continued

**Pic 4**

Jones grabs his phone in panic, punching buttons on it.

ASHER

THIS WEIRD STUFF WAS ALWAYS MORE YOU  
THAN ME, MIKE. I WASN'T EVEN SURE IT  
EXISTED UNTIL --

JONES

FUCKSAKE, JOHN. WE NEED TO GET YOU  
INSIDE BEFORE SOMEONE TURNS UP TO SLOT  
US BOTH.

JONES

YOU CAN'T FUCK WITH THIS SHIT, JOHN, IT'LL  
GET YOU KILLED.

**Pic 5**

Asher watches, smiling, as Jones speaks with some anger into his phone.

JONES

JERONIMUS? JONES. I'VE GOT A BRITISH SIS  
SPECIAL AGENT HERE NEEDING TO ENTER THE  
COMMUNITY.

JONES

WELL, JUST DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU FUCKING DO, JERONIMUS. THIS IS A FRIEND OF MINE HERE.

**Pic 6**

Asher's grin widens, smoke leaking out of his nose. Jones can't help but smile.

ASHER

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MIKE.

JONES

SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU SILLY BASTARD.

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

**Pic 1**

END FLASHBACK: CUT TO: a female Asian DOCTOR, stethoscope around her neck, dressed in plain black, looking down at us.

DOCTOR JONES. I'M NOT SURE WHY YOU'RE NOT DEAD, MR

**Pic 2**

Pull back: Jones, wearing a pair of black underpants (not the ones he used earlier, thank God), laying on his back on the sofa. The doctor sits on the edge of the sofa, black medical bag at her feet.

JONES I'M A MYSTERY TO US ALL.

DOCTOR                      WHEN DID YOU LAST EAT, MR. JONES?

JONES HAD SOME RICE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.

**Pic 3**

She leans over, opens her medical bag. He rears up on his elbows.

DOCTOR                    AND TELL ME: HOW MUCH DOPE ARE YOU  
SMOKING, AND HOW MANY AMPHETAMINES  
ARE YOU TAKING?

JONES I SMOKE FOR PAIN MANAGEMENT. HAVEN'T  
TAKEN ANY SPEED IN WEEKS. AND I DON'T  
DRINK, BEFORE YOU ASK.

DOCTOR                    I SEE. WELL, I CAN GIVE YOU SOME SHOTS  
FOR --

JONES NO. NO NEEDLES.



**Pic 4**

She considers him, without happiness.

DOCTOR

MR CORNELISZOOM SENT ME TO --

JONES

NO NEEDLES. HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE WITH NEEDLES ONCE.

DOCTOR

I SEE. BUT I IMAGINE YOU HAVE NO PROBLEM POPPING PILLS.

**Pic 5**

He sits up, aware he's being insulted.

JONES

CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THEM.

DOCTOR

YES. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU TABLETS TO CONTROL THE NAUSEA, AND VICODIN FOR YOUR PAIN. NOT IDEAL, BUT I UNDERSTAND MR CORNELISZOOM NEEDS YOU UP ON YOUR FEET TODAY.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

**Pic 1**

She hands him two bottles of pills, eyes sharply on him.

DOCTOR

ALSO, TRY EATING. IT'S VERY POPULAR WITH THE LIVING.

DOCTOR

BLUEBERRIES. WALNUTS. TURKEY OR SALMON. TRY SOME WATER, I'M TOLD IT'S VERY GOOD.

DOCTOR

NO AMPHETAMINES. YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO BURN. IS THAT CLEAR?

**Pic 2**

Jones dry-swallows a tablet from one of the bottles as the doctor's attention is drawn to the door.

FROM DOOR  
AROUND?

JONES, YOU LIMEY ASSBITCH! YOU UP AND

DOCTOR

OH MY GOD.

JONES

QUICKLY.

DR TAPPER IS HERE. YOU SHOULD LEAVE

**Pic 3**

TAPPER swaggers in, grinning his awful grin at the doctor. Dressed as in issues 1-6.

TAPPER                      JONES! YOU ORDERED WHORES FOR ME! YOU SO SWEET!

DOCTOR                    DR TAPPER, I PRESUME. YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU.

TAPPER                    A DOCTOR WHORE! I SEEN WEBSITES ABOUT THIS. YOU WANT TO TAKE MY TEMPERATURE?

**Pic 4**

She snaps her bag shut, ignoring Tapper.

DOCTOR                    I TRUST THIS MAN ISN'T TREATING YOU, MR JONES.

JONES                      NO, I ONLY LET HIM NEAR DEAD BODIES.

DOCTOR                    GOOD. I'M NOT CERTAIN HE'S QUALIFIED TO TOUCH ANYTHING WITH A PULSE. INCLUDING FARM ANIMALS.

**Pic 5**

She stands and turns, and Tapper's there, invading her space, still grinning like a fool.

TAPPER                    I COULD SHOW YOU HOW GOOD I AM WITH A PULSE.

DOCTOR                    BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO CUT YOUR CLITORIS OFF, DR TAPPER.

DOCTOR                    GOOD LUCK, MR JONES.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

**Pic 1**

She walks out. Tapper laughs, sitting down next to Jones.

TAPPER                    WHOO! I TELL YOU, I COULD FUCK A HOLE IN THE WALL RIGHT NOW!

TAPPER                    SO WHAT'S THE STORY, JONES?

JONES                      FRIEND OF MINE WAS FOUND DEAD. HEAD, HANDS, PROBABLY COCK AND BALLS, ALL CUT OFF AND TAKEN.

**Pic 2**

Tapper gets serious in a hurry.

TAPPER                    DAMN. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SOUNDS LIKE.

JONES                                LIKE SOMEONE WANTED US TO WASTE TIME  
WITH AN UNIDENTIFIABLE BODY THINKING  
IT'S JOHN ASHER.

TAPPER                              YOUR BUDDY ASHER FROM LONDON? NO  
FUCKING WAY.

**Pic 3**

Jones turns, gets his feet on the floor. Scratches the back of his neck. Trying to get his head in gear, his brain moving. It's hard work. Every bone in his body probably hurts.

JONES                                THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING. SO I WANT A DNA  
TEST ON THE CORPSE. BUT DON'T WASTE  
TIME WAITING FOR IT TO COME BACK.

JONES                                I WANT FORENSICS. I WANT TO KNOW HOW HE  
DIED, AND WHAT WAS USED, AND IF HE  
FOUGHT.

TAPPER                              WHAT'S RATTLING 'ROUND YOUR SKULL  
THERE?

**Pic 4**

Jones stands, gingerly, holding his stomach. That pill he took is not sitting right.

JONES                                SOMEONE'S BUYING TIME, DUMPING A  
DUMMY BODY.

JONES                                I'M THINKING EITHER SOMEONE'S GOT JOHN,  
OR JOHN'S GONE DEEP UNDERGROUND.

JONES                                I DON'T KNOW WHAT I FUCKING THINK. YOU  
KNOW I'VE GOT NO HEAD FOR THIS.

*Continued over page*

*Page EIGHTEEN continued*

**Pic 5**

Tapper twists round in his seat. Something's digging into his backside or something, something feel wrong back there, and he sticks his hand down the back of the sofa.

TAPPER                              THERE'S SOMETHING JABBING MY ASS...  
JONES, CAN I MAKE A FUCKING SUGGESTION?



JONES                      CALL JERONIMUS. HE'LL TELL YOU WHERE  
THE BODY'S AT.

**Pic 2**

Jones looks down at the book in his hand. Here's where we need to see the cover.

JONES                      AND THIS IS A GOOD BOOK.

JONES                         IT'S ABOUT A MAN WHO TURNED OUT NOT TO  
BE REAL.

**Pic 3**

Tapper's already walking out the door, his back to us, giving a dismissive wave.

TAPPER                      YOU'RE AS CRAZY AS THE FIRST DAY I MET  
YOU.

TAPPER I ALREADY SPOKE TO JERONIMUS. AND HE'S  
SENDING YOU HIS DRIVER DIRECTLY.

TAPPER                      TELL HIM TO BE CAREFUL ON THE FUCKING  
ROADS. IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN TO ME.

**Pic 4**

EXT. CHEMOSPHERE: and Jones, now wearing black pants and his grey vest-top, is standing outside his front door. He's kind of small in this shot: I want to pull way back and get the sky in. The sky's gone grey and dark, a massive blanket over the area.

*(no dialogue)*

**PAGE TWENTY**

**Pic 1**

Close in on Jones, as he turns his face up to the sky.

CAPTION COOL AIR. CLEAN AIR, PULLED OUT FROM THE PACIFIC AND SWIRLED OVER THE BASIN.

**Pic 2**

A few spots of rain hit the cement of the path to his front door, there at his feet. Darkening the concrete; big fat raindrops.

CAPTION

LA MOSTLY DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING AN  
ENGLISH BOY LIKE ME RECOGNISES AS  
WEATHER. BUT ONCE EVERY YEAR OR TWO,  
THERE'S THAT RUSH OF COLD AIR...

**Pic 3**

Jones steps out a bit, holding his hand out to catch stray raindrops, still looking up at the sky. Not smiling. It's been a long time since Jones smiles and meant it. But he looks... maybe just a little more innocent, in this moment. And we can see that he's barefoot.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 4**

Jones' POV, as he looks up – there's a circular swirl to the clouds, and a dark centre... almost like there's an incredibly massive, black flying saucer hanging over Los Angeles inside the cloud layer...

*(no dialogue)*

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

**Pic 1**

CUT TO: A small BAR, off a side street. A BOUNCER, a six-foot tall guy with a bald head and a big belly straining out of a black t-shirt, sits on a wooden chair by the front door, reading the Los Angeles Times.

The light's still dim from the cloud over, but it's not raining here.  
A simple head-on mid-distance shot.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2**

Close in on him, brow furrowed over his paper.

BOUNCER                      WHAT THE HELL'S A "RENDITION" ANYWAY?

BOUNCER                      SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE DOING SHOW TUNES.

**Pic 3**

The bouncer looks up. Someone's speaking to him, and he didn't hear the speaker turn up.

FROM OFF                      RENDITIONING: SECRETLY MOVING  
PRISONERS THROUGH FOREIGN AIRFIELDS TO  
CLASSIFIED HOLDING LOCATIONS.

**Pic 4**

The speaker is maybe five feet tall. He's short, stocky, heavily built. A shock of black hair. In his forties. Not a pretty guy; his eyes are a little too widely-spaced, a little too large and bulbous in his head. He wears a black suit under a long green coat. His name's CROUCH.

CROUCH                      I'M LOOKING FOR A BIANCA NESTA. A BLONDE  
WOMAN. I'M TOLD SHE DRINKS HERE.

BOUNCER                      I KNOW BIANCA. SHE AIN'T HERE.

*Continued over page*

**Pic 5**

The bouncer stands up. Crouch gives him a weird, mirthless smile that he supposes is ingratiating.

CROUCH

DO YOU KNOW WHEN SHE'LL BE BACK?

BOUNCER

HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR A FEW DAYS NOW. I  
CAN TELL HER SOMEONE'S LOOKING FOR HER.

CROUCH

NO NEED FOR THAT.

**Pic 6**

The bouncer doesn't like Crouch. Has immediately decided that he's trouble. Crouch smiles up into his face.

BOUNCER

NO. I'LL GET A NAME FROM YOU, DUDE. LET  
HER KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING.

CROUCH  
HER.

I DON'T WANT HER TO KNOW I'M LOOKING FOR

CROUCH

I DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW MY NAME.



## **PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

### **Pic 1**

And Crouch's left hand shoots out to grab the bouncer's throat, squeezing hard -- thick strong fingers digging into the fat around his throat, choking his voice off.

BOUNCER

AK

### **Pic 2**

In Crouch's other hand: a long switchblade shoots out, with a serrated edge on the upper edge.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 3**

It sinks into the bouncer, just above the root of his cock. JOSE: drop this shot into plain black and white.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 4**

And it saws upwards, up through the bouncer's belly.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 5**

Shoved up at a crooked angle up under his breastbone, into the bouncer's heart.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 6**

Jump ahead a few minutes: the bouncer sits dead on his wooden chair, newspaper open over his belly and soaking through with blood. It starts to rain, just a little.

*(no dialogue)*

To be continued

